

Work And Play

by AngelEyes87

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Summary: Volume One. A collection of Red vs Blue characters and original characters oneshots. CHAPTER 9: To the outside world both UNSC soldiers Calvin Knight and Kiera Larkin are in love with one another. Please R&R!

1. Introduction

****A/N:**** I've decided to do the 100 Themes Challenge like the crazy woman that I am, lol. Only I am going to do them in five collections consisting of 20 chapters each. The first volume is called _Work And Play_. I will focus on mainstream characters in Red and Blue along with original characters. The pairings and characters will vary in each chapter so there's plenty of selection here! I hope you will all enjoy this story :)

****Disclaimer: ****I am not the owner of anything related to Red vs Blue as it is owned by Rooster Teeth. The only character I do own is Tennessee.

****Work And Play****

****By AngelEyes87****

****Chapter 1: Introduction****

For some strange reason York's palms were getting increasingly sweaty as each minute passed.

It wasn't in his nature to be unusually nervous. Even when he was caught up in the battlefield where he faced countless of well skilled soldiers he didn't break out in a sweat and start to think second thoughts. He was considered brave by others, standing up for what he truly believed in upholding the protection of humanity in the war against the Covenants.

What he was facing right now was very different. He was about to meet his girlfriend's father for the first time.

Tennessee's father was none other than the Chairman of the UNSC. The man who gave the Director the green light to go ahead with the proceedings of Project Freelancer.

Both of them were currently in the premises of the UNSC, standing side by side in the elevator that was going up to the top floor. Tennessee adjusted the thin strap to her lavender cocktail dress, gracefully pulling it up when it had slid down her shoulder. She smiled to herself as she noticed York fiddling with the lapels of his tanned jacket, picking up on his unspoken unease.

"Are you looking forward to the party, James?" she gently asked him. He looked her way, meeting her gaze.

"You can say that," he admitted as he placed his arms down beside him. "I'm just a little nervous in meeting your dad, Rosa. Are you sure he will like me?"

Tennessee stepped closer to the American, putting her arms around him in a small comforting cuddle. "Please try not to worry so much. Of course he'll like you. You're my boyfriend after all."

"It's just that I have stupid visions in my mind about the introduction going slightly wrong," York admitted, sighing deeply. "I'm scared of saying something that he might consider out of line and get the wrong impression of me. Even worse, he might pick me up and throw me out of the party."

In response she just shook her head and laughed lowly. After being brought up by her father for twenty six years of her life she was confident that he would ever do anything as drastic as that. In fact he respected the boyfriends she dated in the past. All of them with the exception of Lars of course. However he had every right to bear hatred towards Lars after betraying his only daughter as well as the UNSC. What a cold hearted bastard Lars turned out to be...

The redhead put a silence to York's further protests by leaning up and covering his lips with hers. Within a few seconds Tennessee broke the kiss, pulling back slightly to observe his somewhat stunned reaction.

"Now do you feel a little relaxed?" she questioned. She cocked an eyebrow upwards when he failed to respond straight away.

"Actually I think one more kiss will do the trick," he teasingly murmured, backing her up against the elevator's crimson wall. They both laughed quietly, enjoying the shared intimate moment. Tennessee's chuckles instantly turned into tiny gasps of contentment as soon as York spread tender kisses along the base of her neck.

Seconds had passed before the imminent high-pitched ding had sounded, signalling that they had arrived at the chosen floor. However the lovers were oblivious to the noise as their minds were focused on other things. The doors swiftly parted, revealing Tennessee's father standing on the other side with a shocked expression.

"Rosa?" he exclaimed, causing Tennessee and York to abruptly spring apart.

****A/N: ****I thought it would be somewhat hilarious if I were to have Tennessee and York meet her father. lol, I let you to imagine what will happen next after her dad catching them making out in the elevator :)

2. Tears

******A/N:****** Here is the second chapter of _Work And Play. _This time it focuses on the Director.

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****Work And Play****

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****Chapter 2: Tears****

Director Leonard Church knew that his time was almost up.

Project Freelancer, the organisation that he created from scratch, was soon about to meet its ultimate demise. There was absolutely nothing he could do to prevent the situation.

He was counting down every minute, every second until the Chairman's men will eventually come to arrest him and take him away for his punishment. The crime that he committed was simply that he conducted experiments involving AIs that the UNSC strictly condoned. From the beginning he acknowledged the fact that his actions will cause dire consequences. He knew what he was doing was considered wrong in the eyes of others, but it hadn't hindered his determination.

Overall, he was deemed as man of great honour and integrity. An ambitious individual who took up an interest in modern scientific technology.

The Director sat in grim silence in the darkness of his enclosed office. Light flickered from the station of a few nearby computer screens. A drawn out sigh escaped his dry lips as he picked up his mug of coffee that was on his desk. He took a few sips before slightly grimacing, tasting cold coffee, before putting the cup down.

"Would you like me to permanently erase all the data files we have gathered for Project Freelancer, Director?" the Counsellor asked as he approached the seated man.

"No, thank you," the Director replied in his thick Texan accent. He leant back in his chair, clasping his hands on his stomach. "They are to remain on the computers."

"Is there a reason for this?"

The Director's upper lip curled in a tight frown. "Didn't you understand what I just told you, Counsellor? Do not attempt to question my motives because it's certainly not in your place to do so. I want to prove to the UNSC that I have nothing to hide from

them."

The Counsellor nodded, comprehending what already had been said. He didn't dare probe the Director with anymore inquiries, not wishing to incur his wrath.

"As you wish, Sir," he said before slithering off to the other side of the room.

Once he was out of sight, Leonard Church's vision started to blur. His eyes stung a little as small droplets of tears rolled down his cheeks, leaving behind a damp trail. Strong, despairing emotions were getting the better of him, transforming him from a proud man into a broken one who's dreams had been shattered in a savage blow. His livelihood along with his reason for his existence had rapidly gone up in flames.

He failed in his ultimate quest. He failed to preserve his desire for safety of human civilisation in the Great War despite him not physically serving in the military. Unfortunately above all that, he had failed Alison, the woman that he truly loved.

Losing her to death was what inspired him to create Project Freelancer. It was his main intention to uphold her memory by coming up with solutions in order to end the war.

There came a knock on the door. The door soon opened, allowing UNSC soldiers to enter. The Director stood up, standing firm and tall, as they instantly surrounded him. An armed marine forced the Director to place his hands behind his back, snapping handcuffs around his wrists.

"You are hereby placed under arrest by the orders of the Chairman. Resist and you shall face a much harsher penalty."

The Director laughed dryly before boldly saying, "You will find, Sir, that I'd do no such thing to put myself in further jeopardy."

**A/N: **I have always had a keen interest in the character of the Director, the man who gave birth to Project Freelancer. I think Alison did play such a huge role in his actions to fight for the survival of the human race in the war. I see him as somewhat of a complex character. Plus the fact I wanted to explore what could have happened when he was arrested.

3. Game

****A/N: ****I'll be updating _Work And Play _on a regular basis along with my other RvB fanfic called _Moments Like This. _I don't have much else to say as I'm sadly not getting any feedback from any viewers. I'm starting to wonder if they are any RvB fans out there...

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****Chapter 3: Game****

Suppressing a sigh, Simmons made his way up from the computer simulation room to the entrance of the Red Base at Valhalla. After an exhausting two hours he managed to upgrade the guns mechanism of the Warthog. Not only that, but he had a few words with the holographic version of Sarge.

It was considered highly pathetic that a smart and resourceful soldier like Simmons was reduced to pouring his emotions to a virtual reality person. What would he be capable of doing next? Talking to his reflection in the mirror?

Simmons frowned at the possible idea that he was slowly going insane. He had to stay strong in order to keep Grif in line. If it weren't for Simmons being there, then undoubtedly things will start to spiral out of control. Most probably resulting in Grif getting shot in the face multiple of times by Sarge.

His trail of thoughts were interrupted by a heavy coughing fit nearby. The noises alone sounded as if someone was choking on something. Eventually curiosity won over and Simmons followed the direction of where it was coming from. Simmons turned the corner of the base only to discover Grif casually leaning up against the wall with a cigarette poised in his hand. The tell-tale smoke seeped out from Grif's helmet into the air.

"Grif! What have I told you about smoking inside your fucking helmet?" Simmons scowled, watching with satisfaction as the orange soldier jumped a foot high. "The last time you done that you managed to fry some of your computer functions."

Grif threw the cigarette to the ground, thereafter crushing it with his foot, muttering, "God, you're annoying. Can't you see I'm having my break, Simmons?"

"You've been on the same break for five hours, dumbass!"

"Like there's anything else left to do around here," Grif pointed out, stretching his arms. "Caboose is busy with his building a new best friend experiment. Donut is cleaning up the base and washing our clothes for us. Man, if he dares mixes his pink clothes with mine I'd be so pissed off."

"Well, go find something to do," suggested Simmons. "Keep yourself motivated for a change instead of being lazy per usual."

Grif laughed, a cunning idea already forming in his mind. In fact this was going to prove rather interesting in more than one way. A bewildered Simmons watched in silence as Grif strolled away, heading directly over to where Sarge was doing last minute improvements on Lopez.

"You mean to say you're taking my advice?" Simmons called out after him, stunned disbelief evident in his voice. Instead of responding, Grif ignored him. When he was within a few yards from Sarge he breathed in deeply before catching Sarge's attention.

"What do you want, dirtbag?" Sarge demanded gruffly. "You better make

it quick otherwise poor Lopez here might shut down for good. Or he might self activated himself with an inbuilt bomb."

"The game," Grif simply announced, trying his best not to guffaw out loud.

"The game? What in Sam's hell? Grif, don't make me send you to rehab if you've been smoking this new age mumbo jumbo stuff. I think Donut has been right about you and your disgusting habits all along. No soldier of mine will be a mindless druggie!"

"When I say the game, the whole point is for you to say that you've lost," he explained. "Got it?"

Grif gulped when Sarge reached for his shotgun.

"Here's a new game. Run away while I shoot!"

**A/N: **I've been tempted to write this for such a long time now as I can easily imagine Sarge not understanding the rules of The Game. Oh, and all of you has just lost the game!

4. Rebirth

****A/N: ****I really wanted to do something involving Church as he's one of my favourite characters. This is the end result of it :)

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Work And Play

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Chapter 4: Rebirth

"Ow. Ow," Church grumbled as he hobbled his way over the hill, heading in the direction of the Blue Base. Suddenly his bleeding foot painfully connected with a hidden rock amongst the ground. "Ugh, that actually fucking hurt!"

Inwardly cursing himself for his reckless carelessness Church still continued to slowly limp onwards, trying his best to ignore the strong sensations coursing through the lower half of his body. Half of him was surprised that he hadn't yet passed out from the amount of blood loss. Maybe it was the release of adrenaline that kept him soldering on.

And it was all because of that trigger happy idiot who kept on insisting that the colour of his damn armour was light red instead of pink.

Yes, Donut had done the unthinkable. He shot Church square in the foot while he was attempting to reason with the Red Team.

What did Church achieve? Absolutely nothing apart from receiving an unnecessary bullet wound.

So far during the few weeks in which he was stationed at Blood Gulch everything was unsurprisingly very different. The Red Team had no recollection of who Church was and they possessed completely contrasting personalities. It was basically like all of them switched roles altogether.

For a weird reason Donut had grown a pair of balls overnight thus seemingly being in charge, which would explain him barking out orders to the others. Sarge was a former shell of his old self, only happy to play subordinate to Donut's commands. Grif had changed from being lazy in actually wanting to help out. On the other hand Simmons...well, Church couldn't place his finger on what he was like.

"Why can't there be a goddamn crutch around here for God's sake?" Church complained. With mild horror he realised his journey back to base took half an hour when it could have normally been done within ten to fifteen minutes. "I don't know whether to praise or curse this place."

What he stated couldn't be more than true. The capture unit had transferred him back to Blood Gulch, so that he was able to relive a version of his memories of his time there. It was almost like fate bestowed him with a second chance. It was more or less being reincarnated; a rebirth to be precise. Most importantly, one of his intentions was to succeed in finding Tex. Truthfully a part of him was starting to miss her in spite of their heated arguments.

Speak of the devil, was that a familiar Freelancer in black armour in the distance? Church squinted his eyes a little, wondering if it was a trick of the mind.

He approached the figure with caution. "Tex? Tex, is that really you? If it is, say something."

The vision was indeed real as Church found himself on the ground after taking a hit to the head with an assault rifle. Before he had the chance to voice his anger, Tex growled lowly.

"Get up, cockbite."

"What, so that I'll give you the opportunity for you to strike me down on my ass again? Hell no, you bitch!"

"Quit your stupid bitching!" Tex snapped, glowering at him. "I wouldn't have returned here if only you hadn't gone into the capture unit after me."

Church slammed a clenched fist into the earth beside him. "If you trust me on this, I believe this time I can resolve things."

"Yeah, I see you're doing a good job of it right now" she sardonically replied. "You already got yourself shot in the foot!"

****A/N: ****This was mostly inspired by Episode 5 of Season 9, but I wanted to change a few things to my liking. I thought it would be interesting if Church and Tex was to meet up but their reunion hadn't been a friendly one.

5. Only Human

****A/N: ****Sorry for not updating this as soon as I could. Just that I was busy in real life as I've been looking around for a job and I've signed onto the Job Centre. So, I thought that it was about time I had update this. This drabble will contain a mild sex scene between two Freelancers and it will also explore two AIs' reactions to this intimate act.

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****Work And Play****

****By AngelEyes87****

****Chapter 5: Only Human****

Lacking any trace of emotion, Delta continued to watch on in contemplation with Chi by his side. They had been like this for half an hour straight without passing any exchange of words. Silence engulfed them albeit the stunned whispers and the sudden hitch of breath every now and then.

It was the second night in the row that their two respective hosts, York and Tennessee, were engaged in the intimate act of sex. Normally when an agent succumbs to their carnal desire, their assigned AI remains in their heads, sharing the same pleasurable experiences at the same time as their host. However only a few AIs, especially Delta and partly Chi, remained outside the human mind. This action alone was due to the fact they were overwhelmed with such intense feelings and emotions that they couldn't possibly fathom.

Delta wished to study human activity merely for his own analysis.

On the other hand Chi wanted to comprehend the world in general because she was one of the first humanoid AIs created by Project Freelancer.

Tennessee was currently spread out underneath York in bed, her arms and legs gently wrapped around her lover. Her eyes were squeezed shut in satisfaction as soft pants sweetly escaped her parted lips. Meanwhile York planted blazing kisses on her neck along with her collarbone, his powerful hips grinding against hers in a steady yet sensual rhythm. It was clear they were moments away from reaching a mutual climax.

"Do you think new life will be created from their mating ritual?"

Slowly, Delta cast his solemn gaze to the purple holographic form of a young child. It was safe of them to chat amongst themselves without disturbing the lovers thanks to Delta's enclosed shield. The shield separated them from the outside world, meaning they couldn't be seen or heard from any humans as long as they remained inside the invisible sphere.

"There is a strong possibility of that actually occurring, Chi,"

Delta replied. His senses were alerted once he picked up on York's hoarse groan, recognising enjoyment instead of anguish. "From the beginning of their activities I have been monitoring both their behaviour. It would seem that Tennessee's fertile levels have increased. In other words, I would assume she is going through a period of ovulation."

"I think I understand," Chi informed, scratching the back of her head. "And as for York, what is his condition?"

"I noticed a distinct change in his breathing pattern as it is now laboured. Not only that, but his blood pressure has risen slightly higher above the average rate. Other than the things I've mentioned he is fine."

Chi's mouth hung open in mid-air, her line of speech being interrupted by Tennessee's abrupt gasp followed by her low, shaky murmur of "Faster, James!" Without hesitation the American complied with her command, starting to pound relentlessly into her. It didn't take them long to reach the pinnacle of release. With a shriek, Tennessee's back came off the bed, instantly meeting York's straining form as he sighed deeply with contentment.

As soon as the tremors subsided, he kissed her tenderly before rolling off her to lay on his back. She neared closer to him, resting her head on his shoulder. A smiling York put an arm around her in a loving cuddle while they quickly drifted into a peaceful sleep.

"The process is already complete," Delta said. "Within the next week Tennessee will conceive York's child due to them not using methods of contraception."

"Only human beings are blessed with procreation."

**A/N: **I wanted to explore the possibilities of Delta and Chi's reactions when it comes to human intimacy. As they were artificially created their mindsets will be set to analyse and moderate body language. That is how they can pick up on changes in the human body, especially their host.

6. Seeking Solace

****A/N: ****I've been fairly busy again thanks to currently doing an essay that has to be handed in next week. I thought _Work And Play_ needed to be updated so here you go. In my opinion this is a cute drabble that focuses on Caboose and Sheila.

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Work And Play

By AngelEyes87

Chapter 6: Seeking Solace

"Now, where did I put my chocolate bar? Ah, there it is! Mhm, this is good, very delicious...Wait a minute...this isn't chocolate. It tastes like-"

Upon realising that he was eating a considerable lump of mud, Caboose instantly spat it out of his mouth. When he was done a grimace appeared on his face as the disgusting taste still lingered. Quickly he started to wipe the remaining dirt off from his tongue with frantic hand movements. When Caboose made sure nothing was there, he resumed happily staring into space, wondering if there were any butterflies in Blood Gulch.

If he was fortunate enough to catch a beautiful butterfly, preferably not crushing the poor creature to death by seizing it just like he did as a child, he would keep it in a large jar. Caboose would try his best to take care of it, however if any harm were to come the butterfly's way it would devastate him to the core.

While Caboose was caught up in his little fantasy of becoming a butterfly catcher, he didn't notice Sheila approaching him.

"Hello, Caboose," she greeted him in a polite voice. Upon hearing his beloved Sheila he turned towards the tank with a boyish smile on his face. His light blue eyes lit up with adoration.

"Sheila! I've missed you so very much! How have you been? Are you doing okay? I've been wondering where you have been."

She gave a slight chuckle at the enthusiastic onslaught of the soldier's questions. "I have been doing just fine, Caboose. I do have an inquiry to ask though. What are you doing away from Blue Base? I would have thought you would be with Church and the others."

Instead of replying straight away, Caboose scratched the back of his head before reaching for something on the ground. Next to his discarded helmet was two muffins; one was blueberry while the other was chocolate. He decided to choose the former, eagerly tearing off the wrapper. Caboose took a big bite out of the muffin.

"Well, I was asking Church about Tex and whether or not they're still together as one minute they are shouting loudly while the next they look as if they want to kiss one another," he explained while he was still eating. "He got really, really angry with me and said that I should go and get lost in the canyon. Church was muttering under his breath when I left him alone. Something about seeking solace."

"Hmm, I understand." She lowered her canon at him in order to show she was paying attention. "My sources indicate that when the name Tex is mentioned Church suffers from great feelings of denial. Probably he was upset at your attempts of speaking with him about that specific subject."

"Oh!" Caboose exclaimed, sounding like a five year old boy who was learning mathematical equations for the first time. "I thought he meant he was looking for a pet snake called Solace. I don't like snakes because they are very creepy, especially when they do that tongue hissing thing."

The two fell into thoughtful silence. Caboose continued to nibble on his treat whereas Sheila contemplated how he ever succeeded in finishing school. Needless to say she found his company to be quite endearing as he never failed to interest her as a human specimen.

Within two minutes he managed to finish off the muffin. He gazed longingly at the remaining one, thereafter glancing at Sheila again.

"Sheila, would you like to have a muffin?"

****A/N: ****I loved Caboose in this because he has an unique sense of humour when he's mixing things up :)

7. Health and Healing

******A/N: ******Not much to report here, but I just wanted to update _Work And Play _as I've been working more of it for the past few days or so :)

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****Work And Play****

****By AngelEyes87****

****Chapter 7: Health and Healing****

"Come on, Ethan. Almost there."

"Yeah, you can do it," York added in an encouraging way. "Just keep on walking and focus on things other than the pain. Alright?"

Hawaii muttered under his breath, inwardly cursing the extreme agony that was coursing through his foot at the moment. He was currently walking in between Colorado and York with both arms slung around their shoulders, half leaning his weight up against them due to the fact his right ankle was sprained.

"No, I'm not alright," Hawaii complained bitterly. "Have you ever had a freaking sprained ankle, York?"

"Can't say I have."

"Well, shut up then!"

Colorado sent her best friend a stern glare. "Hawaii, do not be rude to York. He's trying to help for crying out loud. Be grateful."

Hawaii soon shut his mouth when she reprimanded him. He knew better not to pass a smart-ass retort otherwise there will be absolute hell to pay. Within a minute or so the trio arrived outside the medical bay of the Freelancer base. Colorado gently rapped on the door and soon enough out came Doc. A small smile crept on his face as a friendly greeting. It wasn't long when he was acting professional when he noticed the state that Hawaii was in.

"Oh my!" exclaimed Doc. "That's a nasty swollen ankle you've got there. How did you manage to do that?"

Colorado spoke on his behalf, "Short story is, Doc, that Hawaii

pissed off South. She chased after him around the weaponry room. He tripped over while running and landed in quite an awkward position."

"Hmm, I see. Well, I'm just about to leave for my lunch break right now, so I'll get Medical Officer Emma Tong to give you a look over. You'll have nothing to worry about because you're in capable hands, Hawaii."

With that, Doc sauntered off, obviously heading towards the direction of the cafeteria. Hawaii tried his best to call out after him, but nevertheless his loud words fell upon death ears. York and Colorado both looked at Hawaii, noticing his face had dropped immediately.

"Oh no!" Hawaii shooked his head out of disbelief. "Please don't leave me with Tongs!"

"I heard that, idiot!"

A female in purple armour suddenly appeared in the doorway. Her longish hair was slightly flowing down her shoulders. She gently adjusted her glasses, pushing them up so that they were resting against the bridge of her nose.

"Welcome to Health and Healing," Emma said. "How may I be of assistance to you?"

"Yes. Could you possibly take a look at my friend's ankle? It's heavily sprained and-"

Unfortunately Hawaii choose that moment to interrupt York by holding up a hand in mid-air. Colorado nudged him in the ribs, hissing for Hawaii to not kick up a fuss.

"You know something? I actually feel better. Much better!" he explained quickly while squeezing out of his friends' tight grip. "I'll be on my way now. Sorry for wasting your time, To " Ow, fuck it!"

Another surge of pain, this time much stronger than before, run through him as soon as he went to step forward on his bad foot. A string of various profanities escaped from the injured soldier's mouth, his front teeth digging into his bottom lip to prevent himself from crying out loud. All of them looked quite unimpressed with his foolish antics.

"Nice try, but you're not easily getting away from treatment," Emma commented as she dragged Hawaii inside.

**A/N: **I thought it would be interesting to see Hawaii's reaction when he knows he has to be treated by Medical Officer Emma Tong. Hawaii can be such a crybaby at times :D

8. Opportunities

****A/N: ****I realised I haven't updated _Work And Play _for some time right now so I'm really sorry about the delay and all that. The good news is that I can't wait for the brand new episode of RvB

tomorrow night!

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Chapter 8: Opportunities

"God, this is harder than I actually thought it would be...Damn Miss Felton for giving difficult homework for us to do."

Tennessee leaned back on her chair, lightly throwing her fountain pen down on her computer desk. She watched as the object rolled directly onto the half-filled Geography sheet that she had been working on for the past three quarters of an hour. It was bad enough that she was still stuck on the same question for around ten minutes or so, appearing to be lacking progress.

Instead of panicking or even show any signs of mild frustration she began to clear her mind of everything. Perhaps she can achieve more if she were to increase her concentration simply by analysing what was being asked and working out possible theories and answers that seemed rather logical.

Tennessee knew that the correct answer will come to her naturally. She just had to use her brain a bit harder and not get distracted.

As soon as she finished rereading the question there was a quiet but audible knock on her door. Tennessee slightly jumped in her chair, not expecting anyone in the passageway. She turned around in her chair, pushing her short red hair from her face.

"You can come in. The door's unlocked!"

The door handle was pushed downwards and it was soon pushed open with a slight creek. Her face lit up when she noticed it was only her dad. The man gently smiled at her as he walked in, sitting himself down on her bed.

"Am I disturbing?" he asked, his British accent so charming and graceful.

"No, I was just doing some homework before I go to bed," she explained, coming over to sit by her dad. "I have to wake up early tomorrow to meet Ryan. He's taking me to town to see a film and then afterwards to a restaurant."

"Oh, I see. This is your third date with this fellow, correct?"

She nodded. "He's not too bad, dad. We're just seeing if anything develops between us. So, how was work today?"

Upon hearing this, her dad gave a brief chuckle while patting her on the knee. A glint entered his eyes faintly, instantly making his appearance look a bit youthful than thirty eight. A small smile laced

Tennessee's features, feeling comfortable and relaxed in his presence.

"It was a total success today, my dear Rosa. We have took on board plenty of brand new recruits after them passing what was required of them."

"Anything else? What about the progress of the conflict with the Covenants?"

The Chairman shook his head, grinning as he did so. "You're very eager, aren't you? Well, here's your answer then. The UNSC is doing everything we can to promote peace talks and negotiations while the marines are complying with their duties on the battlefield. I just gave a new company by the name of the Red Dragons the green light on their project. They seem promising enough in their methods regarding the Great War. Rosa, have you considered joining the UNSC?"

Tennessee's mouth dropped open in mild shock while she just stared wide-eyed at her father. For a moment she suspected her father was joking until she noticed the serious expression he was wearing.

"Dad, I just turned sixteen and I'll finish school in May next year. Are you sure-?"

"Yes, I have no doubts," he said, silencing her. "I believe there are countless of opportunities for you at the UNSC. I'll assist you along the way."

****A/N: ****I thought it would be interesting to take a glimpse into Tennessee's life as a teenager and how her father encourages her into joining the UNSC in seeing that he's the Chairman. I think this is what inspires her to fight for humanity in the Great War.

9. Love

******A/N: ******Yep, I'll be updating this on a regular basis right now along with my other RvB fic, Moments Like This. _I guess there's not much else to say anything else because there's barely any people reviewing this fic which is such a disappointing reception to be honest with you :/

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****Work And Play****

****By AngelEyes87****

****Chapter 9. Love****

Kiera sighed heavily, leaning against a wall while loud noises surrounded her. The jets of the space crafts roared, some of them flying off into the distance while others were landing, entering from the open docking bay. Some faint murmurs from the UNSC workers travelled to her ears and yet she couldn't catch a word of what they

were saying amongst themselves.

She was anxiously waiting for one specific ship to arrive. The American was certain it wouldn't take long at all.

As soon as she was lost in thought, a male voice sounded over the radio, promptly announcing, "The space-craft, Dark Abyss, is within fifteen feet of boarding the battle ship, Jenova."

Kiera cast her gaze ahead of her, looking deeply into space. A nimble space-craft soared, making itself seen clearly as it got closer and closer. The silhouette of an amber planet as large as Jupiter stood out in the background, making it seem as if it was engulfing the craft with its sheer size. Shortly, Dark Abyss flown through the ship's mouth, preparing for landing. The craft's wheels safely touched down upon the silver floor, accompanied with a slight jerking noise.

Dark Abyss slowly came to a halt while the engines completely cut off. With a small whoosh the side door of the craft slid open. Two people, a red haired woman and a man with short brown hair, stepped out with their helmets in their hands.

It was her Captain along with her close friend.

"Rosa! Calvin!" Kiera called out. Both of them looked at her before making their way over to where she was currently standing. Tennessee greeted her with a warm smile.

"Good to see you, Kiera. I wasn't expecting you to be waiting for our return."

Kiera chuckled lowly. "I just thought it would be a good idea to surprise you. How did the mission go?"

"A complete success!" Tennessee remarked, pride resounding in her voice. "Calvin and I prevented an enemy company from stealing artificial intelligence. Sorry to cut our chat short, but I must make a full report to my father."

The British woman took Calvin's helmet from him, tucking it underneath her other arm. She uttered "Congratulations and thanks for your loyal assistance, Calvin" before she walked off, leaving them alone.

"Hey you," he drawled playfully. Much to Calvin's surprise, Kiera launched herself into his arms, almost making him stagger back to the slight impact. She wrapped her arms tightly around his neck, closing her eyes in bliss.

"Don't you ever leave without me," she whispered tenderly. "Next time I'll accompany you on a mission."

They held each other in an embrace for some time now, not noticing people's curious glances in their direction. From the outside anyone would say both Kiera and Calvin were in love, basking in the glow of their touching reunion. Truthfully they wouldn't be far from wrong as indeed Kiera had strong feelings for her fellow team mate. Unfortunately for some reason something prevented her from admitting she was in love with him.

She pulled back in his arms, glancing up at him as he towered above her a few inches. Smiling, she caressed the side of his handsome face, his five o'clock shadow slightly prickling against her skin.

"You need to shave. It's a bit weird seeing you with stubble."

"I know," agreed Calvin. "Rosa teased me by saying if it were to grow any longer I'd resemble a grizzly bear."

"True. I've missed you, Cal."

"You too, Kiera."

**A/N: **It's about time I wrote about some of my other OCs besides Tennessee. I thought it would be sweet to show Kiera's and Calvin's developing feelings for love for one another despite the fact they're both shy. Oh, and I was inspired by Final Fantasy when I called the battle ship Jenova :)

End
file.